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HENLEY-UPON-THAMES.

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Few places more agreeably arrest attention journeying from London to Oxford than Henley-upon-Thames. Its smiling aspect invites a visit from the tourist, and its age commends it to the inquiries of the curious antiquarian.

It gracefully reclines on the banks of the Thames, at the foot of some high grounds, which for a time mark the course of the river. It is pronounced by Dr. Plot to be "the ancientest town in the county." This is saying much for Oxfordshire; at Grand Pont, Friar Bacon, the reputed magician, is believed to have fixed his abode in the thirteenth century. "Here," says Anthony à Wood, "before I go further, I must take notice of the tower, with a gate and common passage underneath, called *Friar Bacon's study*, which standeth on this bridge, near the city." The writer, to be sure, adds that this name was merely traditional, and not to be found in any ancient record. But he proceeds, "It has been delivered as a fact from one generation to another, and from them well versed in astronomy, and the antiquities of Roger Bacon, a Franciscan friar of this place, who died 1292, known to be a great astronomer, that he was used in the night to ascend this place, and to take the altitude and distance of the stars." With this a saying was connected—that the magician's study was so constructed that whenever a man of greater learning than himself should pass beneath it, the whole fabric would instantly fall in ruins. By less imaginary writers the building in question is supposed to be a pharos or high watch tower, erected in the time of king Stephen.

Henley is entered from the London road by a handsome stone bridge, of five arches, as appears in our illustration, the keystone of the centre arches being ornamented by sculptured masks, from the elegant chisel of the honourable Mr. Damer. The prospects from this spot are in the highest degree picturesque and beautiful. The church is a very handsome building, of Gothic structure; its tower is lofty, having a taper turret at each angle. This is, for the most part, composed of flint.

Henley is situate in the hundred of Benfield, and is a market town. Its name expresses antiquity, being derived from "*Hen* signifying old, and *Ley* a place." In an insipimus granted by queen Elizabeth to the corporation of Henley, it was called Hannelegauz and Hanneburg. The town is governed by a high steward, mayor, ten aldermen, and twenty-six burgesses. It is the scene of four annual fairs.

At the distance of a mile from the town, Park-place, the seat of the earl of Malmesbury, is found. The grounds are adorned with hanging woods, and besides are objects

of great interest—a Druidical temple, which the late general Conway caused to be brought to this place from Jersey, and the stones arranged as they had been in the original erection. Within that enclosure the sacrifice of a human victim may have been witnessed, and men reputed to be wise, as the sufferer fell beneath the destroying sword, those, perhaps, took upon themselves from his dying convulsions to predict coming events,

"We tell the secrets of the world unknown."

THE SMUGGLER OF FOLKSTONE.

A TALE OF TRUTH AND FICTION.

BY EDWARD PORTWINE.

CHAPTER XXXII.—(continued.)

At the west end of the town of Hythe commences a wilderness of beach, which reaches from the highroad to the seashore. This road leads the traveller to the village of Dymchurch. On the right of this road are pastures of the richest soil, bordered by that range which terminates in the blue hills of Sussex. At the base of this ridge lies a stagnant pond, the Royal Military canal, teeming with fish, and on whose silvery bosom passage-boats glide in their course to Rye. At this point Romney Marsh may be said to commence, a level of twenty odd miles long, and from two to six or seven in width, containing an area of several thousands of acres of the best land in Britain. Leland, an old and quaint writer, states it as a fact that the waters of the Channel once covered this extensive level, which is somewhat corroborated by the fact that an extensive embankment has been raised on that part of the coast, commencing at the Grand Tower and terminating at Dymchurch, to prevent the saline element from encroaching on the fertile pastures of these lowlands. This embankment is denominated a "wall," or Dymchurch wall, and at the period of this history it was about twenty feet above the level of the sea. On this elevation horses and carriages travelled to the hamlet of Dymchurch, and from thence to Romney, Lydd, Rye, Hastings, &c. In order to prevent an encroachment of the waters of the bay at this point, piles had been driven, intersected with underwood, to break the force of the waves, which rush over extensive sands to the shore. This, in the course of time, has been found ineffectual, and stone is now used instead of underwood, and travellers are no longer delighted with the saline breezes wafting health in their course. During the panic created by the threat of invasion held out

by Napoleon in 1805, Martello towers and forts of great magnitude were built from Folkstone to midway between Dymchurch and Romney, to protect the country from the depredations of the French. These elevations, which are of an annular form, of extreme thickness, and bomb proof, are occupied by the coast-guard, formerly called the Blockade. It is to a spot on this lonely coast, about half a mile from the Grand Tower, we now desire to conduct the reader. There stood, at the period we are writing of, a farm or grazing-house, in which resided a quiet family whose employment consisted in looking after the cattle in the adjacent marshes. On the east side of this house is a gate, which leads the visitor to others, and by an intricate bridle-road into the heart of the level and to the fertile hills beyond.

On Thursday, February —, 18—, and at about eleven o'clock at night, a large body of men, dressed in pea jackets, blue trousers, and low-crowned hats, were perceived approaching from the road leading to St. Botolph's Bride; their number could not be less than two hundred. When they arrived at the end of the lane opposite the Grand Tower, and on which then stood a few houses called Brockman's Barn, the dark-looking body of men struck silently across the fields, and took up their station in large pounds behind the solitary grazing-house before-mentioned. There they laid down, observing the absence from a murmur which had characterised their long march over the hills and through the marsh. One or two only spoke, and these appeared in authority. The men were all armed with pistols in a leathern belt buckled round their waists, while a cutlass sheathed appeared girded on their left sides. Indeed, they looked what they were—a band of fierce and desperate men resolved to break the laws of their country at any hazard and in defiance of any force brought against them. It was now past twelve, and the rain began to descend in torrents. Motionless and silent lay the mass of human beings, until a word from their leader brought every man to his legs. The scout on the wall had at that moment given the signal in imitation of the peculiar cry of the sea-gull, and in another moment the masses were in motion towards the shore. If the human eye could have penetrated through the rain and darkness which now enveloped all nature, it would have perceived several horses and carts in a paddock behind the pounds which were destined to carry the spirits to the hills.

When the leader and his band reached the wall, the latter crouched down under its shelter, while Cumlin and Gettings, with the scout (our old friend Handy), oc-

cupied the post of danger. They perceived the solitary guard parading his beat in utter loneliness, while the south-east wind dashed the rain violently on his devoted features. By a quick perception the smuggler could discern three long boats plying their muffled oars in the direction to where they stood, and he whispered to his lieutenant, "That man must be disposed of." No sooner were the words uttered than the athletic Handy disappeared, and they presently perceived the scout threading his way like a serpent to where the guard had seated himself on a pile. It was the work of a moment with Handy to knock the poor fellow down, and then, with the assistance of Gettings, gag him. They then rolled the guard over the wall, and left him to his fate. The boats had now reached the strand, and so noiselessly, that two hundred kegs were out of them in the brief space of a few minutes. The men appeared again, and a similar number disappeared over the wall as if by magic. At that moment Cumlin started like a war-horse; his keen faculties soon perceived they were discovered, and that the blockade were on the alert. He approached the water's edge, laid himself level with the waves, and then returned to his lieutenant.

"Gettings, as I live, there are three or four boats full of men approaching the shore with the regular pull of a man-of-war's man! Is this the third haul?"

"No, sir," returned Gettings, "the fourth."

"Good; warn them when they reappear; we have plenty of time; the hounds will not discover us for a few minutes; quick, men, and cheerily; the Philistines are on us."

The men heard the latter part of the advice as they appeared, and a fourth time the ankers travelled over the wall.

When they returned the signal was given to fall into line to protect the remaining two hundred kegs: the eight hundred were safe from pursuit. The smuggler whispered to one near him, and like wildfire the command flew to all. Seventy-five men now stood back to back, with seventy-five others, leaving space for fifty men to work the last boat. At the moment the men were descending the fall for that purpose, four large boats grated the strand, and Jock McCullum, and Joe, Captain Sarson, Captain Bird, of the Starling, followed by the dark forms of seventy seamen, leaped close to the smugglers. From the west could be perceived a body of dark figures approaching—they were quickly on the spot.

"We were well nigh too late," cried the officer in command; "but better late than never."

Then elevating his voice, he vociferated—"Yield ye prisoners to his majesty, or we fire."

This menace was received with a mocking laugh by Cumlin, who replied, "Your powder must be in a fit state to explode in this drenching rain—ah, ah."

The excited commander of the Ramilies replied—"I should be sorry to waste life; but my duty impels me. Give me way there; will you yield yourselves prisoners, with all your contraband?"

Another loud laugh was the answer. The captain of the Ramilies then ordered his men to fire, and as the smuggler surmised the powder did not ignite, and before the sailors could return their pistols to their belts and draw their cutlasses, the smuggler had given the word to charge them. The forces were about equal, but the seamen were thrown into confusion at the unexpected circumstance of a regular battle, and many paid the penalty of their folly. The sailors soon recovered their confusion and fought like lions, determined to conquer a foe they despised. The party that had approached from the west, now attacked the other line, and the fight became general. The rain still descended with violence; bright lightning and loud thunder now reverberated along the shore; loud howled the wind, and the waves lashed the strand with fury. But the oaths, groans, and clashing of steel could be heard above the din of the elements, now sublime in storm. The ankers were now all removed; this Joe ascertained and communicated to his superior in one of those moments when he ceased from hacking his way into the midst of the smugglers' band. Mad with rage, he charged again with his men; the contrabandists being again pressed by the western division, began to display signs of fatigue before such determined valour, and they retreated to the wall. Hitherto Gettings, Handy, nor the smuggler had not mixed in the affray, but perceiving their men sorely pressed, Cumlin yielded to the entreaties of his lieutenant, and drawing his flaming sword, cried, "Cumlin, to the rescue;" and with glaring eyes he bore all down before him. In vain Jock McCullum and Sarson called their men to stand firm; but the men declared the smuggler to be the devil and not a man, and fled in confusion. At length Cumlin reached the commander of the Ramilies, and their weapons were crossed in an instant. Bravely did that celebrated Scotchman do his devoir in an unequal contest; but it was no avail; and his sword was seen cutting the air as a cry arose above the din of the elements, that the Flying Dutchman was amongst them, and superstition, so indigenous to a sailor, obtained for the smuggler a complete vic-

tory. The man-of-war's men, whom no danger could subdue, not even the cannon's mouth, yielded before their supernatural fears; and they fled in confusion: many were wounded on both sides; two sailors were dead, and three smugglers paid the last debt of nature and forfeited their lives. The band returned, with their killed and wounded, to the field, behind the grazier's house, where they were placed in vehicles, and the melancholy procession pursued their way to the northern hills.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Cumlin stood contemplating the funeral cavalcade with a mournful expression of countenance. Opposite him he perceived Gettings and Handy—all the band had departed.

"Gettings," said Cumlin, with a sadness in his tones, "this is the last time we shall ever meet in such a scene. I feel sick at thus warring against laws I consider so unjust. We close this affair as we commenced the first, with victory, and to-morrow I retire from England and its people, and for ever. Here, then, let us bid farewell."

"Oh, say not so, captain; leave us not yet, tarry awhile and finish the good work you commenced so many years since."

"It may not be—a daughter's happiness is now my only consideration. The object for which I visited this coast is now obtained. If I have effected good to many deserving men I shall ever feel gratified; if I have struck terror into the hearts of the executors of bad laws, I have done so disinterestedly; and I now leave the administration of the affairs of the land in your hands, and that you may prosper is my most ardent wish. Business now calls me to London, and when I return to the continent my name will not be forgotten by your island king, nor by the people of this coast."

Thus spoke this misguided man, who had conceived a strong prejudice against our laws. Gettings appeared greatly affected at the old smuggler's determination, and again endeavoured to dissuade him from his resolve to leave the band. This conversation had taken place without the railings of the sheep's pound, and Cumlin, in answer to the repeated solicitations of Gettings, while leaning on a corner of the enclosure, said—"No, friend; my decision is unalterable, and I expect to hear the signal from Waldron, with the vehicle that will carry me to the metropolis of this island." He held out his hand—"Gettings," he said, "I hear the whistle; it sounds from the northern road; and now farewell, farewell for ever."

A voice close to him, on the other side

of the fence, echoed the words, "Farewell, for ever," accompanied with the sharp report of a pistol. The smuggler leaped high in the air, and fell a dead man at the feet of the astonished smugglers, penetrated through the heart by a bullet from an unseen hand. The consternation of the men was dreadful; they raised the old man in their arms, bathed his temples with brandy; but he never spoke more. They then, with drawn cutlasses, entered the pound; the rain and tempest had now ceased—the pale moon shone into the enclosure on vacancy. It lighted up the inanimate countenance of Cumlin with an unearthly glare, and shed its melancholy radiance on the living and the dead.

So fell Cumlin ingloriously, by the hand of an unknown assassin, after having given evidence of valour and prowess in many a battle field, and displayed wisdom and fitness to command a body of reckless, dissatisfied spirits who never experienced defeat before a foe, nor lost a keg by the revenue officers.

The carriage designed to convey Cumlin to the London road bore his lifeless remains to the only being who knew his worth and deplored his misfortunes—his daughter. We draw a veil over her sufferings, and leave humanity to imagine the desolation of heart in that abode containing the dead father and inconsolable child.

A few evenings after this unexpected termination of the life of the famous smuggler, a hearse and mourning coach were perceived winding up the mountain side which overlooks the town of Folkstone, and leads the traveller through a fine valley to the port of Dover. Slowly the horses toiled up this long hill, attended by hundreds of the inhabitants, who, with tearful eyes and melancholy countenances, followed the vehicles. The carriage was closed. When arrived at the top of the hill, a small white handkerchief was waved from one of the windows; the people bowed in token of respect, and gave no other utterance to their grief. The carriages then passed rapidly through the turnpike-gate, and in half an hour reached the port of Dover. Arriving at the quay, a coffin was lowered into a vessel from the hearse, and presently a lady in deep mourning, wearing an impenetrable veil, descended with the aid of a gentleman. The gallant vessel immediately left the harbour, spread all its canvas, and steered for the coast of the Gaul.

"And in that narrow coffin rest the remains of that far-famed smuggler," cried a mournful voice to his neighbour, who had been a spectator of the melancholy proceedings.

"Yes, sir, I grieve to say you are correct, and that elegant lady is his only

child. Poor girl! so young and lovely, to be deprived of her only protector at an early age, and by such violent means, is indeed a melancholy spectacle."

"But what could the young lady expect for her reckless father but such a death, sooner or later? And the gentleman—is he a relation? he appeared attentive and tender."

"No, sir; that gentleman is a young painter of some promise, who is accompanying the lady to the land of her father's kindred, and for whom, it is said, the smuggler's daughter feels great regard."

"Ah, perhaps the painter may in time soothe her present sorrows and induce her to look forward to a brighter future."

"God grant he may!" was the response from the heart as well as lips of James Waldron, who had joined in this conversation with a humane citizen of the good port of Dover.

Being engaged in surveying the south-eastern coast of Kent last summer, the author indulged in walking about the fertile level of Romney Marsh, and also in visiting the various places mentioned in this tale. One day, feeling exceedingly thirsty, and perceiving no tavern for miles, he ventured into a grazier's house, in the hope of obtaining a draught of milk. He was not disappointed; the daughter of the looker very courteously invited him to enter her parents' dwelling. Being much fatigued, he accepted the invitation. After some conversation on the rearing of cattle, he asked if smuggling was prevalent in those parts. The daughter and mother gazed at the writer with astonishment, and the latter replied,

"Since '17 there had not been so much as the ghost of a keg run on shore."

"And in that year, my good lady, was there smuggling in these parts?"

The old lady shook her head with a saddened expression of countenance, and replied,

"Since the affair of Cumlin in that year in which there was a matter of seven men killed and sixty wounded, some seriously, there had not been a run on the coast."

"And pray, madam, who was Cumlin?"

"What, sir, you must be a stranger in these parts not to know that famous smuggler! Why, on the night of —, in '17, he worked a thousand tubs in defiance of the blockade men, and the crews of the *Ramilles*, *Lapwing*, and *Starling*. But he was shot after the affair in cold blood by some enemy just behind this house. Lord, sir! we were well nigh scared to death at the fearful fight that occurred on the beach exactly opposite this poor old house. We did not dare appear even at the windows,

and the thunder and lightning were awful. It blew a heavy gale, and rained in torrents, and yet the famous smuggler and band carried off all the tubs and saved the boats. But he was shot." The old lady concluded her account of the transaction in a mournful voice.

After a pause the author requested the good woman to show him the spot where it was supposed the smuggler fell.

"Supposed, sir! there is no supposing in the case. There are marks which have existed now nearly twenty-seven years, and there they will remain until time shall be no more. Come, sir, I will show you the place."

The gentleman rose and followed the loquacious dame; she led him to a large sheep pound, used for shearing, and other purposes, a few feet on the north-east of which she stopped.

"Here is the spot, sir; you perceive that the green grass will not grow on it; all is bare as the high road. Here you perceive these great letters, "E. C.;" they were cut shortly after the murder, and there they remain, and will do so to all eternity."

The old lady had described the piece of earth correctly; there, indeed, were the large letters, about a foot in length, and the ground was bare of herbage. The initials were cut deep in the soil, and commemorated the fall of the far-famed

"SMUGGLER OF FOLKSTONE."

We shall not attempt to remedy the defects of this legend. We are aware that its faults are of a grave nature, and that they are very numerous. Many of the persons who are mentioned in these pages are still living, and if the reading public feel any curiosity to know the early adventures of the smuggler, and the fortunes of those who appear in our story, we will take an early opportunity to satisfy them.

Documents and papers have been recently forwarded to us from the "sweet south," which, on perusal, we find contain a history of the early life of Cumlin, and the subsequent adventures of those who have figured in this tale. The voluminous MSS. are signed "Edmund Poynder."

P.S.—After the death of Cumlin, the band separated, from several causes, and the majority of the smugglers resorted to fishing, the produce of which was sent to the London markets. The principal cause of the disbanding was the death of Cumlin—their master-spirit, and an increase of the force sent into these parts by the government. We hinted, when some of the men disgraced their natures and received

the stern rebuke of the smuggler in the affair of Captain Sarson and Miss Jeffery, that a mightier power was at work to punish them. A few months after the affair at the Grand Tower, the band were attracted to a new fishery just discovered about midway between Folkstone and Calais, and one eventful morning every seaworthy boat was launched from the beach, and, with hundreds of fishermen, proceeded to the ground. About mid-day there arose a terrible gale, which continued to increase with great violence, accompanied with thunder and lightning. It rained in torrents—all nature seemed roused to fury; a mighty power directed the tremendous elements, and not one of the hundreds of young men and middle-aged ever returned alive to the shore they left in the morning hale and full of hope! Thus wives were deprived of their partners, children bereaved of their parents, and last, but not least, many a young heart that had just learned to love and hope became desolated.

HISTORY AND CHARACTERISTICS OF SUPERSTITION.

BY DR. EDWARDS.

We have been examining the scripture account of the doctrine of the supernatural. Let us proceed to the abuse of these truths, as discoverable in the history of superstition. Error is always suggestive of truth; and all truth is to weak-minded erring man, the parent of error. Idolatry with all its false doctrines, foul practices, and babbling pretensions, is but the spawn of revelation. The false doctrines and rites of the papacy will be found, if their origin is traced, to be the degenerate children of pure primitive times. The confessional is not, as some ecclesiastical writers would represent, the mere invention of artful, ambitious, priestly men; nor has it a pagan origin; it is an abuse of scriptural rule and the practice of social piety. In the same manner, all superstition speaks of true religion. As truth proves to blind mortals, the seed of error, so does religion, of superstition.

Superstition is a word which has been used so indefinitely, that it becomes difficult to determine its precise import. Without labouring from the aid of etymology, to define what admits of such extensive signification, the best way, perhaps, would be to consider to what objects it is applied; and then, by observing what is common to them all, we shall be enabled to fix with some degree of precision, the meaning of the term. We apply it to the idolatry of the heathens; we apply it also to the Jews, who made the will of God of no ef-

fect by their traditions and substituted ceremonies in place of the religion of their fathers. We also say that some christians are guilty of superstition; those who are, place too much dependence on mere ceremonies, what we may call the pietism of external forms, or those who are too credulous of tales unsupported by sufficient evidence.

Now though we have in the present treatise only directly to consider the latter, yet as it will appear, on a careful comparison, that every form of superstition springs from the same principles and source of error, it will not be deemed inadmissible, if we dwell for a short time on its nature and effects, and then proceed to apply it more immediately to the doctrine of the supernatural, now under discussion; the one being found to illustrate the other.

If we would thus learn the nature of superstition from its effects, all those additions to our faith enforced not by scripture, but extrinsic authority, come under this designation. The Latin derivation, "super," above, and "sto," to stand, prove this to be the true meaning of the word. Every article of faith, which does not receive some countenance from the only rule of faith, is the result of its working. The church is made to usurp the seat and authority of the Lord of the church. The papist follows the authoritative antiquity of the ninth and tenth centuries; the tractarian, that of the fourth; as though the stream were not purer at the fountain-head. An undue reverence of testimonies and authorities unsanctioned by scripture, which teaches us to call no man rabbi, lifts up the floodgates for the admission of all the heresies, follies, and inanities which have overspread and desolated the nominal christian world. To enumerate these might take up many pages, let it suffice to mention the calendar of saints—the adoration of rotten relics—the baptism of bells—then of horses, and cows, and asses—the infliction of painful penances, of every variety and degree of suffering and of duration—the administration of sacraments to the dead and to infants—charms, incantations, and confessions, and the offering up the priest-invented sacrifice, to secure a good take of herrings. The love of human merit more largely contributed to originate this state of things than ignorance. The former invented, and the latter supported, those metretreous trappings of sanctuary worship, as well as that self-denial and monasticism, which thus soon found admirers as well as vindicators. Let us beware of this spirit, which is again spreading; the spirit of popery, which is the spirit of human nature, originating in that conceit and ostentation, which cannot practise chastity

without a vow and exilement, patience without stoicism, temperance without abstinence, and charity without the aid of a trumpet. Formalism is another cause of superstitious idolatry; and if we here allow the Romanist a large portion, we must also concede a little to the Anglican, at least the modern admirers of Laud and Sachaeverel, to those who would either mutilate or obscure the pure doctrines of the reformation. If no public prayer can be spiritual and acceptable to God but what is found in the Prayer Book; no sermon orthodox but what is delivered in a surplice, if the material building is the temple of God, and the sacramental table his altar, and genuflections and bowings already sufficiently numerous, must be multiplied, is there not a relapse, a leaning, towards that system of the "man of sin," which eats as a canker vital spiritual worship; and may we not address to such the words of our saviour, with which he reproved some of their spiritual ancestors, the self-righteous idolators of "anisee and cummin?" "Ye fools, and blind! for whether is greater, the gift, or the altar that sanctifieth the gift?" What a lamentable and pitiable spectacle of superstitious debasement, as well as of ecclesiastical arrogance and tyranny, to see a presbyter of the church refusing to bury the child of Wesleyan parents; and when legally forced to comply, in the spirit of unchristian revenge, burying her north and south instead of east and west. When such language as the following is not only spoken, but printed and freely circulated, by one eminent in university station and learning, "We find, oh, most joyful, most wonderful, most unexpected sight! we find the whole cycle of Roman doctrine gradually possessing numbers of English churchmen:" it is surely time for the true and zealous disciples of the church of England to explode the suspicious expression of ultra-protestant, and to say to one another, "Let us not look back to Egypt, lest we perish in the wilderness."

The other branch of superstition which we are about to consider, springs from the same general principles. It is the exercise of a mind or rather fancy, misdirected; fancy and feeling usurping the place of reason, fact, and scripture. That both forms of superstition spring from the same causes, is evident from their blending in the Romish church, whose coming and progress, as predicted, were "with lying wonders and miracles, and all deceivableness of unrighteousness." The triumphs of the former were the measure of those of the latter; and were popery again to prevail, the obsolete superstitions of ghosts and hobgoblins, and of enchantments, charms, and raising of spirits, would, not-

withstanding the enlightenment of the age, again supersede the present popular credence on this subject, and every street have its haunted house, and every curious coincidence be pregnant with bright or bodiful destiny.

We have just given and explained the Latin etymology of the word superstition. According to the Greek derivation, it is the apprehension of demons; and hence it is used by us to denote all those dread fears which ignorance of God and true religion are apt to excite in the minds of the weak and uninformed. Our exposure to its withering influence will be proportionate to the expansiveness of our views on God's character and feelings, as shown by natural and revealed religion. Contracting our views to the present limited scene—the little machine and workshop of this world—without studying minutely and extensively the revelation God has given to dispel the gloom of mere natural religion, men lie exposed to the doggedness and grovelling licentiousness of atheism, on the one hand, and the terrors which superstition imposes on their liberty, on the other. The obscurity of their knowledge, and the weakness of their faith, either leads them to give up God altogether, or else acting on the imagination, which is often a foe to wide views and large attainments, leads them to the other extreme of pantheism. Extremes, it is justly said, often meet, of which the present subject furnishes a forcible illustration; for superstition and atheism are twin-sisters—and though infidelity may boast of more knowledge than the former, on which it may look down with contempt, and even triumph in its existence, as an argument in its favour, they both proceed from the same abuse of scanty knowledge and shallow intellect. As in olden days, the palmy days of popery, before the star of the reformation arose on the moral horizon, the priests, we have reason to believe, were influenced by the latter, and the common people adhered to the former; in proof of which, we may quote the words which are said to have dropped from one of the most distinguished bishops of Rome, "How profitable this fable is to us." The former were thus urged to grow as despotic, as the latter were to be servile and abject; a truth as old as the days of Plutarch, who justly observes, "Barbarous nations are naturally prone to superstition; and a weak, illiterate, and feeble multitude, when they are once brought under its dominion, will be more obedient to their priests, than to their civil or military leaders." Atheism and infidelity being a little wiser than superstition, resorts to its favourite principle, in order to escape from the other, as though an antidote; as on the other hand the su-

perstitious, too enlightened for infidelity, will resort to vapid devotion, punctiliousness of ritual, and self-inflicted stripes, to screen itself from the consequences of the other, and appease the angry workings of conscience. Not being sufficiently acquainted with true spiritual religion, and destitute of that faith which revelation alone can give; or else actuated by enmity towards a purer and warmer light—not daring, or averse to scan higher ground, it takes up with this false and fatal substitute, and being perhaps more disposed or better enabled to direct its thoughts and feelings towards religion, it forms to itself innumerable chimeras, wrought in the obscurity and perplexity of its erring imagination.

Man has been styled a religious animal, even by infidels. He cannot, without great difficulty, rid himself of the thought of an unseen agency, of a superior power, and of certain mysterious laws of destiny. He finds both natural and moral evil in the world, and his reason naturally suggests that the former proceeds from the latter. His conscience, as scripture declares, often accuses him. In the mean time, there are certain glimmerings of a visible providence; virtue is often so signally and strikingly rewarded, and vice so signally and strikingly punished, that the natural sensitiveness of conscience is thus increased. In proportion as he perceives the intervention of a higher control, he is led to reason on the nature of the being or beings from whom it proceeds. In so doing, it is natural that his views should be somewhat regulated by what he knows of earthly power and character and magistracy; and as he cannot remove the veil of futurity, and at the same time, has his hopes and fears, he is ready to become the dupe of every appearance or token that might seem to embody the one or the other; everything that might court his attention as an avenue to the unseen world, and a clue to guide the onward thought through the avenues of an approaching destiny. What astonishes and alarms him, is the fact that his Maker has so long, so completely hid Himself; that the Creator of all things should thus forsake the work of His own hands, as well as the natural and moral lights already referred to—*increase the forebodings which ignorance and fancy and guilt might suggest.* He would thus fain gratify his curiosity and quell his fear; and as he sees that man, without exception, is mortal, and dreads that unknown land whence the traveller returns not, or returns but with no certain tidings; with everything to increase rather than diminish all that it has of the extraordinary and mysterious and awful; hence he early becomes a prey of a restless con-

science and unwelcome forebodings, which lead him to seek relief in expedients of a character similar to the objects that excite his curiosity and dread. A mind not truly enlightened and expanded by christian philosophy, is never free from the incrustations of superstition, or the mutilating hand of infidelity. Let men be ill at ease in their own minds, let religious fear be sanctioned, and everything around is imagined to contribute to their disquiet. Or let scripture once be tampered with, and from what error of fancy are we safe? Lord Bacon, it is well known, gave the designation of idols to various false notions which distort men's judgments, and prevent their making progress in philosophy. The same may, with equal propriety, be extended to the conduct of many in the pursuit of religious knowledge; and idols may be thus understood in their common acceptance of objects of worship. Many of these have been the predisposing causes of superstition in all ages, and even in spots where the light shines most brilliantly; and here we have another cause, in addition to those just mentioned; and such Utopias may even be violently extorted from scripture itself.

The history of superstition is almost coeval with that of man. It becomes the natural resource of minds blinded by the prince of darkness, and whose whole history, without the light of revelation, is one untravelling mystery. The dark conjectures of philosophy, combined with the idle dreams of poetry, would thus fain dispel the mists that encircle its path, and release the spirit from its unwelcome thralldom. And as the heart of man is the same, despite of external circumstances, we find the superstitions which disgraced ancient Egypt, still copied in the modern Indies, Persia, and the North. The descendants of Abraham were peculiarly favoured with divine revelations; but the fairest beams of light that shone from heaven upon that people, could not destroy idolatry, though so awfully forbidden by the Levitical law. These special communications only made way for superstition, whose influence has been perpetuated not only amongst that "holy nation," but amongst others who have lighted their tapers from their temple. The vestiges of superstitions known in the darkest ages, may be discovered in the most enlightened parts of Europe; where the light of the gospel shines brightest, it has not yet removed, though it may have corrected, the frauds or the errors taught by the guides who ruled the faith of our forefathers.

Amongst other ancient and long-established forms of superstition, one of the most common and deep-rooted is that of auguries. Astrology, necromancy, certain

fortunate times and seasons, peculiar coincidences, or the character of certain passing events, as specified by soothsayers, all were placed in requisition to direct the inquirer to a knowledge of the future, or what was mysterious in the present aspect of things. This practice is generally attributed to the Chaldeans, but it prevailed in Egypt, and was known to the descendants of Abraham. Joseph, when reprimanding his brethren for the cup that was found in Benjamin's sack, assures them that he had found it by this art,—"Knew ye not that such a man as I could certainly divine."

The custom of divination which prevailed so much in Egypt, was delivered to the Greeks, and from them to the Latins and Romans. It was thus Romulus and Remus agreed to decide their rival claims to the government of the infant city, that was one day to govern the world. A certain class of the Roman priesthood were devoted to this object, who thus determined on social and public events. They often decided by the flight of birds, especially owls, according as they flew, to the right or to the left. It must be evident what an opportunity was thus furnished them, of turning their office to their own private account, whilst they deluded the multitude; which Lucan tells us they knew how to improve—

"Nor impious Rome heaven's sacred signs obeys,
While Jove still thunders as the augurs please;
And when left owls some sure disaster bode,
The starving miscreants, at their master's nod,
Look to the right, and swear the omen's good."

This strange superstition is not yet exterminated even from enlightened Europe. In some parts of our own country, as well as on the continent, the flight of three magpies across the way, will put some country people into consternation. The Saxons imitated the Romans, whom they succeeded, and not only predicted future events by the flight of birds, but also by the colour of horses—the white ones being considered fortunate to their owners. A relic of this latter superstition is still preserved by some weak people, who tell us to wish when we see a piebald horse, and our wish will be fulfilled. But though these fancies may be now exceedingly rare, the general art of divination is not yet extinct. The gipsy tribe meets with encouragement in every part of Europe. It was only a short time since, that an inquest was held at Sheffield on a poor girl, the victim of credulity, named Elizabeth Hewitt. From the evidence, it appeared, that about four months previously, she went to an old woman to have her fortune told, or her "planet ruled," as she called it. The sybil told her, she would leave Sheffield for two months; that she would after

wards return, and have a quarrel with her sweetheart; and lastly, that she would poison herself shortly after Christmas. Such was the superstitious infatuation under which this poor girl laboured, that she verified every one of the fortune-teller's predictions. She did leave Sheffield, and visited Bradford. She returned and had a quarrel with her sweetheart, and then put a climax on the beldam's prophecy, by taking poison, of which she died.

The Romans had also their fortunate and unfortunate days. The latter, they called the *dies atri*, or days of mourning; the month of February was considered as unfortunate to any undertaking commenced therein. Marriages were then accordingly regarded as unlucky, and during this month they celebrated the *parentalia*, when they visited the tombs of their deceased relations and friends. The month of May was also considered ominous to the celebration of matrimony. One of the Latin poets assigns this as a reason, that maidens married in this month, would most probably turn out very indifferent wives.

"No *tapes* then should burn, nor ever bride
Linked at this season long her bliss enjoys;
Hence our wise masters of the proverb say,
The girls are all stark rought that wed in May."

The bridal ceremony was distinguished by several superstitious practices, some of which are yet in existence, such as strewing the floor of the house of the new-married pair with flowers and green boughs, and the path of the bride with leaves and flowers, especially at the entrance of the sacred temple—which Catullus thus describes, "*Vestibulum ut molli velatum fronde vireret*—"The porch clothed with soft green leaves." The bride washed the door-posts of the house to keep out infection and sorcery. A distaff and spindle were generally borne along with her; and hence the origin of the term spinster, applied to young women in publishing the bans of marriage in our churches.

We have not time to describe any more of the common and remarkable superstitions of the Romans, much less of other pagan countries. What else could be expected? Idolatry and superstition are twin-born principles; and so great is the resemblance, that they are scarcely known apart. Idolatry, however, takes the lead; but superstition adopts the same errors where idolatry has been rejected. Many superstitious customs were thus established from the Romans, among both our Celtic and Saxon ancestors. Superstition, however, whilst it lost much by a mixture of heathenish rites with the principles of christianity, acquired also additional strength in another way; and as the Romish church grew in power and activity,

every leader in her august, invincible priestly association, from the pontiff of Rome downwards, lent his consent and his powers to encourage its increase, in order to profit by its delusions.

(To be continued.)

ANGÉLIQUE COTTON, THE ELECTRICAL GIRL.

Wonders multiply upon us so fast in this age of mesmerism, &c., that we know not what next to anticipate. That

"Burnam's wood should come to Dunsinane,"

would not be more amazing than some of the things of which we now daily read. A recent number of *Galvani* gives a strange account of a young female called the Electric Girl. It seems Angélique Cotton is thirteen, a native of the department of the Finisère, where she was employed in a thread-glove manufactory as a winder. One day, whilst at work with her companions, the reel on which she was winding thread was suddenly projected from her. The circumstances excited surprise, the reel was replaced, when the same effect was renewed. It was then evident that Angélique herself was the cause. The affair made a noise in the village, and the curé was called in. It was supposed by them that she was possessed, and an exorcism was had recourse to, but no devil came out. After the priest, the doctor was applied to, but he was as unable to effect a cure as the curé had been. Another doctor then visited her, and witnessed the same effect as the other had seen, but being a sensible man, he made no attempt to cure an affection which he did not understand. This gentleman induced the mother of Angélique to send her to Paris, and accompanied her. A few days ago, she was taken to the Observatory, where Messrs. Arago, Mathieu, Laugier, and Goujon, witnessed the following experiments;—A piece of paper, placed upon the edge of a table, was immediately attracted by the left hand of the girl. She then, holding her apron in her hand, approached a guerdon, which was pushed back, although the apron scarcely touched it. The next experiment was to place her in a chair with her feet on the ground. The chair was projected with violence against the wall, while the girl was thrown the other way. This experiment was repeated several times, and with the same results. M. Arago laid his hand upon the chair to prevent its moving, but the force was too great for his resistance, and M. Goujon, having seated himself on a part of the chair, was thrown off as soon as Angélique had also taken her seat. Such, said M. Arago, were the facts witnessed, and he

had seen nothing to justify an opinion that any deception had been practised. Since then, other experiments have been performed by Dr. Tauchon. This gentleman had the chair in which Angélique was seated held by two powerful men. In this instance it was not driven away, but broke in their hands. A table, a gueridon and a heavy sofa were projected by the mere contact of the girl's clothes. Dr. Tauchon ascertained that the chair in which she sits is first attracted, and next repulsed. When Angélique is isolated from the ground by a glass stool, oiled silk, or any other non-conductor of electricity, the projections do not take place. A loadstone being placed near the left hand, which alone is magnetic, she experienced different sensations, according as the north and south poles were applied, and could tell with which pole she was in contact. She is repulsed by the north pole. She experiences violent commotions, when the electric discharges take place, and suffers greatly from them. It is in the evening, between seven and nine, about an hour after she has dined, that her electrical power is most strongly developed. Her pulse then beats from 105 to 120 per minute.

The same journal has been favoured with the following communication from M. Arago:—

"The academy, on my motion, appointed a committee to examine a young girl who was reported to possess most marvellous qualities. The committee held two sittings. At first I was unable to attend, but I can rely on the account given me by my honourable colleagues. I have now to declare that none of the experiments were made successful—the young person did not produce any of the effects that had been announced. At the second sitting I was myself witness of the absence of the power talked of. Twenty times the pretended electrical child seated herself in a chair, and as often the chair remained in its place, without retiring, without the least movement. M. Chollet, who introduced her, attributed this want of success to intermittences which, he said, he had before observed. The following, however, are some details of other experiments:—At the Garden of Plants, on Tuesday last, the same movements of the chair were observed, as my colleagues and myself had previously ascertained to have been produced. They were seen a great number of times, and it was believed that the cause was discovered, and one of the persons present repeated them at the end of the sitting. The explanation in question reposes on the supposition of the use of one of the hands, but I am certain that, in the trials which I witnessed at the Observatory, before making my communication on Monday, the hands

had nothing to do with the matter. On Wednesday last, at the second sitting of the committee, we saw nothing, for nothing was produced. We made trials with the apron, but it could not attract or repel the guéridons or tables, and we could not discover any effect whatever. There was one fact in the *mémoire* of M. Tauchon about which there could not possibly be any deception. He stated that the girl, on touching the poles of a loadstone, would feel a sensation of burning which would make her recognise the north pole. At the Garden of Plants this faculty was manifested; but the loadstone being put into a box, the girl said she felt a burning when the south pole as well as when the north pole was touched by her, and even declared that she had the same sensation when the box was presented to her without the loadstone. With regard, therefore, to this latter quality, the committee entertain no doubt. They are not, perhaps, so well convinced upon the two others. Thus to meet the excuse drawn from possible intermittences in these phenomena, two members of the committee have been to the hotel in which the girl is lodged, and they affirm that there, from seven till nine in the evening, the phenomena were manifested in all their force. The phenomena have not reappeared since the sitting of Tuesday in the Garden of Plants. It appears, however, that this intermittence is not indefinite, for I have this moment received a notice that the phenomena have recommenced. I have returned for answer, that the committee will meet again, and see the girl once more on the day and at the hour that may be appointed. The committee will fulfil the duties imposed upon it to the fullest extent."

The communication of M. Arago was listened to with great attention, but at the conclusion M. Majendie said—"The academy regrets much the part that you have made it perform in this affair." M. Poinset had previously said, "Such facts do not deserve the honour of an official committee. We should have waited. All the good that could result from the intervention of the academy would never compensate for the harm that results when a juggle is so well conducted that the academy is deceived by it." M. Arago, replying to M. Majendie, said, "It is only persons who think they know everything who refuse to open their eyes to evidence;" in reply to M. Poinset, he said, "If it is a juggle, a committee of the academy will never allow itself to be caught by it." He then alluded to the resistance manifested by the academy to admit the discoveries of vaccination and the lightning-conductor, and yet, he said, they were both brilliant discoveries. "Vaccination (added M. Arago) was the most

splendid discovery of modern times, but it had knocked twenty times in vain at the doors of the academies."

THE KALEMALA—A FINNIS EPIC POEM.

The author of "Revelations of Russia," in a recent publication, gives a literary curiosity—an analysis of the *Kalemala*, a Finnish poem. It is in thirty-two *Runes*. In the first, the god Wainamoinen is born, his mother having been thirty years pregnant with him. The young deity immediately makes a blue elk to serve him for a horse, and on this he is proceeding towards the water, when he is menaced by that fearful character a Lapland wizard, who is described in the poem to have "an obliquely glancing eye" (a terrifying squint), and the poet tells that—

"He cherished dark thoughts against the venerable Wainamoinen. Skilled in the craft of fashioning deadly weapons, he prepared a bow by means of fire. Gold, silver, iron, and steel lent to his work in turn their lustre and their power. Thus did he prepare a bow, bright to the eye, and costly in its price. Inlaid upon its back a horse bristles up its mane; another speeds along on that part which the arrow traverses. A bull reposes on the two wings of the bow, and a hare crouches near the notches. Then he prepares a sheaf of arrows, adorning each with a triple row of feathers. He cuts them carefully, and his sons attach thereunto the light wing of the sparrow, the swallow's tiny feathers. But these shafts, who will harden them, what balsam will anoint them with its power? The black venom of the snake, the atrocious poison of the adder. Wouldst thou know, too, how the feathers are attached to the shaft wherewith the bow is strung? With hairs from the mane of the hell-horse *Hisi*—of the stallion *Lemmo*. The shafts are ready: with bow in hand, and quiver resounding on his shoulders, the Laplander wends his way. He reaches the cataract of the fiery torrent, the whirlpool of the sacred stream. There he watches at morn, he watches at even, he watches at mid-day. He waits the venerable Wainamoinen, the friend of the waters. One day, one morn, he lifts his eyes towards the west, he turns his head towards the sun, and he sees the venerable Wainamoinen advancing towards the dark sea-waves. Seizing hurriedly his bow of fire, his beautiful, his iron-bound bow, he draws from his quiver a feathered shaft, a shaft unerring and fatal, and aims at the death of Wainamoinen, at the death of the friend of the waters. His mother, his wife, two sprites, and the three daughters

of nature cry out together: 'Stay! slay not Wainamoinen! Waina is thine own aunt's son!' But the cruel Laplander remains inflexible; he replies: 'If I raise my hand and aim too high, may the shaft fall lower; if I lower my hand too far, may it rise higher.' And he shot his shaft, but it rose too high; the sky was rent; the arches of the air were shaken. He shot a second, but it fell too low; it sunk into the depths of the earth, the mother of men, down to *Manala*, whose vaults is made to tremble. He shot a third, but this shaft pierced the blue elk through the spleen, and transfixed it through the left leg and shoulder. Wainamoinen falls into the waters from the back of his strange courser, the blue elk, and the obliquely-visioned Laplander says:—'Now, oh venerable Wainamoinen, as long as centuries roll on their course, as long as the moon sheds out its light, thou shalt never tread again the fields of *Wainalen*, the plains of *Kalevala*!' And Wainamoinen, the venerable and the valiant, wandered for six winters, for seven summers, for eight years, on the plains of the waters, and the wide straits of the ocean, with the waves boiling beneath, and the sky stretching out its boundless blue above him."

Wainamoinen reaches a good old age, and becomes an *Orpheus*. At the sound of his harp all living creatures rejoice:—

"The wolf quits the sedges in which he was prowling, the bear emerges from his den in the roots of an over-turned pine-tree, they climb a hedge,—the hedge is borne down and broken by their weight; the one ascends the trunk of a pine, the other climbs a birch-tree, whilst Wainamoinen sings and gives birth to joy. The black-bearded old man, the noble king of the forest, all the host of *Tapi* hasten up to listen. The very hostess of the woods herself, the fearless woman of *Tapiola*, dons her blue hose, arrays herself in red ribbons, ascends into the trunk of a hollow birch, lending a wondering ear to the god's song. There is no beast of the forest, no bird of the air, which does not hasten to hear the marvellous art of the musician, the melody of the singer. The eagle descends from the clouds, the falcon swoops down through the air, the sea-gull wings its way from the sullen marsh, the swan from the bosom of the limpid waters; the lively linnnet, the swift-winged lark, and the merry goldfinch, come to perch upon the shoulders of the god-hero. The beautiful virgins of the air, the sun dazzling in splendour, and the soft-rayed moon, have alike paused to listen at the further end of a long light cloud, in the luminous vault of heaven. There they were weaving the wonderful texture of the skies, with a golden shuttle and a silver comb,

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when astonished by the strange voice and melodious accents of the hero's song. The comb of silver fell from their hands, the golden shuttle, breaking the threads of the woof, escaped from their fingers. All the living things of the waters, all the fishes waving at once their myriad fins, swam up to hear the voice of Wainamoinen, to listen to the harmony of his song. The salmon and the trout, the pike and the seal, the large fishes and the small, draw as near as possible to the voice of the charmer."

THE PARTICULARLY AGREEABLE LADY.

BY JORT.

What an incomparable treasure is a little cajolery! How it smooths one's passage through life! Great care, however, should be taken in applying it, lest it appear not genuine.

Tell a young lady (who prides herself in her vocal powers) that her singing is somewhat defective, but that by her following certain directions it will be considerably improved, and she will hate you. But tell an indifferent singer that she sings divinely, like a syren, and she will be suddenly seized with the profoundest regard for you. People don't like to be told the truth, although it be to them advantageous; hence their aptness to mistake friends for enemies, and *vice versa*.

Where Mrs. Blarney picked up the rudiments of her education (education it certainly is) it is impossible to say; but certain it is, she must have been a remarkably apt scholar, and studied under the best masters.

Mrs. Blarney was *au fait* in the art of toadyism.

We have put a Mrs. to the lady's name, but we have done so on her own authority, and we must here plead guilty to a decided antipathy towards the disbelieving the statement of a lady. Mrs. or no Mrs., the good lady wore weeds, and represented herself to be the relict of one Abraham Blarney, who, in his palmy days, had been a thriving ornamental painter in Camden Town. There were plenty of people who said that such a person as Abraham Blarney had never, within their remembrance, either lived, or painted a sign, in Camden Town, and who furthermore pretended to be capable of proving beyond a doubt that Mrs. Blarney was no other than one Sally Dumps, a dress-maker, who had once committed what they termed a grievous mistake with a gentleman residing in that locality.

Mrs. Blarney was fair, fat, and forty, and, to all appearance, the very best crea-

ture in existence; so sympathetic, so obliging, so fair spoken withal, that it was almost impossible for people to help loving her, even if it were ever so much against their inclination. Being, as she represented herself, a poor widow, many persons had compassion upon her, and showed her various little kindnesses, with the view of alleviating the destitute situation in which the decease of Abraham Blarney had ungenerously left his beloved wife. That gentleman, the widow often used to say, ought to have made adequate provision for her before leaving this sublimity sphere, and so thought many of the friends of the soi-disant Mrs. Blarney.

Mrs. Blarney was not a sempstress, nor she was not a nurse, nor she was not a housekeeper, and yet her occupation was tintured more or less with the duties of each of these. If a family were going away for a few days, Mrs. Blarney was ever ready to take charge of the house till they returned. If a family had a great number of small children, and could not afford to employ a regular nurse, Mrs. Blarney was ever ready to keep an eye upon the little darlings. In a word, no kind of employment seemed to come wrong to the amiable relict of the deceased ornamental painter.

The residence of Mrs. Blarney was a small three-pair back, in a house in St. Martin's Lane; and anybody requiring her services had nothing to do but call before nine o'clock in the morning, and he or she would in all probability have the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Blarney. If a party could not make it convenient to call, he or she had merely to despatch a note to the place just spoken of, and if Mrs. Blarney were in good health, and not otherwise engaged, the summons would be answered immediately.

Seated at her own breakfast table one morning about half-past eight, Mrs. Blarney was sipping her coffee, and chewing the fragments of a seed-cake that had been made for a small tea-party which Mrs. Blarney had entertained on the previous afternoon, when somebody knocked three times with their knuckles at Mrs. Blarney's door.

"Come in," shouted the widow.

The door was opened, and a dirty, slatternly looking girl, with her cheeks muffled up with flannels, and having a large checkered shawl thrown carelessly over her shoulders, entered the room.

"You're Mrs. Blarney, ma'am, ain't ye?" said the girl.

"Blarney's my name," said the widow. "Would I'd never knowd the man as give it me."

"Mrs. Gibby has sent me to say, ma'am," said the girl, "that she'll be very glad, if

so be as you can make it convenient to come and look after the house and the children, as she and Mrs. Gibby are a going to Margate for a few days."

"When does she want me?" asked Mrs. Blarney.

"She wants you directly, ma'am," said the girl. "You ain't engaged, are you?"

"No, I ain't engaged, thank goodness," said Mrs. Blarney. "My compliments to Mrs. Gibby, and tell her I'll be along in a few minutes."

"Very well, ma'am," said the girl.

"How's the children?" asked Mrs. Blarney.

"All well," said the girl.

"More's the pity," thought Mrs. Blarney; "they're quiet when they're ill, for they don't kick about so, and see everything that is going on."

"Do they go to school yet?" asked the widow.

"No, ma'am," said the girl; "Mrs. Gibby has undertook to teach 'em herself, and I believe you are to do the same in her absence."

"More's the pity," again thought Mrs. Blarney. "No matter; I'll cut 'em precious short."

"Then you won't forget to come?" said the girl, opening the door.

"Forget, child!" said Mrs. Blarney; "nobody never knowed me forget anything. I'll be there in a few minutes."

When the girl had gone, Mrs. Blarney poured herself out another cup of coffee; and having drunk it off, she proceeded to put on her shawl and her bonnet, muttering to herself, as she did so, "I ain't very anxious to go to Mrs. Gibby's; it ain't a first-rate place. However, as I have nothing in hand at present, I may as well go there for a day or two."

As soon as Mrs. Blarney had properly equipped herself, she put the breakfast service, bread, &c., into a little cupboard that was fixed in the corner of the apartment, took the fire out of the bars, locked the door, and put the key into her pocket.

"I ain't at home, if wanted, Mrs. Wifey," said the widow, as in her progress towards the street door she passed the room of her landlady.

"Very good, Mrs. Blarney. If anybody calls, I shall say so," said Mrs. Wifey.

"I shan't be at home for a few days," said Mrs. Blarney.

"Wery well, ma'am."

Whilst Mrs. Blarney is hurrying through the crowded streets towards the residence of Mrs. Gibby, diving through all sorts of narrow lanes and passages, and elbowing, as she trots along, all kinds of pedestrians, we will explain more fully upon what footing Mrs. Blarney visited, in her professional capacity, the various houses that

constituted (to use a mercantile phrase) "her connexion." It was not in the capacity of a servant—it was more in that of a friend. She was not indeed considered an equal of the persons who honoured her with their patronage; but she was considered as somebody that approximated very much to an equal. She always, when the family were at home, dined and supped with them, and got her share of hot spirits and water before she went to bed at night.

Mrs. Gibby (there was no Mr. Gibby, that gentleman died virtually three weeks after his marriage—there was animal Mr. Gibby, but that was all)—Mrs. Gibby lived in a house in Gray's Inn Lane, and it was not many minutes after quitting her own domicile, that Mrs. Blarney stood at the door of that lady. She did not wait long before she was admitted.

"Well, Mrs. Gibby, how d'ye do?" said Mr. Blarney, as soon as she entered that lady's room, and discovered her seated upon the sofa.

"Pretty well, thank you," said Mrs. Gibby.

Mrs. Gibby was a remarkably corpulent lady, with a very masculine expression of countenance, and an arm and hand that might have felled a bullock. Master Tibby, a little boy in petticoats, and Miss Tibby and Miss Amelia, were in the parlour with their ma.

"And how are the little dears, bless 'em?" said Mrs. Blarney.

"They're all pretty well, I dare say," said Mrs. Gibby. "How have you been all this time?"

"Nothing to boast of, ma'am," said Mrs. Blarney, "nothing to boast of, but as well as can be expected, considering my forlorn condition and delicate constitution."

"Tibby and me are a-going to Margate," said Mrs. Gibby, "and we want you to look after the house and the children till we come back. We shan't be more than a few days from home. I was a-going to take the children with me, instead of Gibby, but he petitioned so hard for a few days' holiday, that I couldn't refuse."

"How is Mr. Gibby?" asked Mrs. Blarney.

"Oh! he never ails anything," said Mrs. Gibby; "he's always the same."

"He has a good wife to wait upon him, that's one consolation," said Mrs. Blarney.

"You may say that," said Mrs. Gibby.

"I always have said it, Mrs. Gibby, and always will say it, and if he were here I would tell him to his face. You've been the making of that man—that I know."

"If it hadn't been for me, I don't know what would have become of him," observed Mrs. Gibby.

"Nor anybody else either," said Mrs. Blarney. "I was just such another to

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Blarney, ma'am. If I had been guided by selfish motives, I should never have been the wife of that man, Mrs. Gibby. No, I might have been a lady now, and riding in my carriage."

"I dare say," said Mr. Gibby. "You'll look to the children, Mrs. Blarney, and be good enough to hear 'em their lessons twice or thrice a day—that'll be nice amusement for you. And be kind enough to keep an eye upon the servant, and see that she does her work."

"I will, ma'am; you may depend upon everything being just done the same as if you were here yourself. And as for the little dears, bless 'em! they shall say their lessons to me every day. What do you say to that, Johnny? You'll say your lessons to poor Blarney, won't you?"

"Oh, yes, I'll say it to poor old Blarney," said the precious youth.

"Bless his little heart!" said the widow, whilst she inwardly "dressed" the child for putting old before her name.

"We shall all be so good till ma comes back; shan't we, dears?" said Mrs. Blarney. "And then whoever is best will get something nice when she does come back. Isn't that true, ma?"

"Certainly," said Mrs. Gibby; "the best child shall have the best present."

"I told you so," said Mrs. Blarney, "I told you so."

"I'll leave all the keys in your charge, Mrs. Blarney," said Mrs. Gibby.

"Farewell, ma'am. I shall take care of everything."

"In the closet in the back parlour you'll find a bottle, containing some gin; you can help yourself to a glass every night before you go to bed," said Mrs. Gibby.

"You are very kind," said the widow; "but really I don't care anything about spirits. I have not, ma'am, tasted a drop of any kind, I believe, for these last two months."

"Never mind," said Mrs. Gibby, "take a glass every night before you go to bed; it'll make you sleep sounder."

"You are such a generous woman, Mrs. Gibby," said Mrs. Blarney, "that it would be a sin to refuse you anything."

This was said as though Mrs. Blarney was making a great sacrifice of her personal comfort by complying with the request of Mrs. Gibby.

"At eight o'clock you must put the children to bed," said Mrs. Gibby.

"The moment the clock strikes they shall go, ma'am," said Mrs. Blarney; "and they will go too, won't you, dears? bless 'em!" and Mrs. Blarney kissed them all affectionately.

"If them ere children had been my own, Mrs. Gibby, I couldn't have been fonder of 'em. I don't know how it is, but I al-

ways fancy (it may be very foolish of me, very likely it is), I always fancy that your children are prettier and sweeter tempered than any other children I ever see."

Mrs. Gibby put her handkerchief up to her eyes, and squeezed out a tear or two; whereupon Mrs. Blarney put the corner of her shawl into her eye, and endeavoured to do the same; but the attempt was a failure. She made up for it by looking very demure, and sighing audibly.

"God love 'em!" said Mrs. Gibby, after she had recovered, and devouring them with kisses; "they are the picture of what I was, when I was little like them."

Now this remark gives one but a poor opinion of Mrs. Gibby's personal appearance in her youthful days, for not one of the children could be said to be either interesting or pretty. On the contrary, they were as plain in appearance as you can well imagine. The little boy had an enormous mouth, and a very diminutive nose; Miss Gibby had a decided pug; and a peculiar cast of the left eye by no means improved the expression of a remarkably plain countenance; Miss Amelia had a very flat nose, and one might have supposed, from that feature alone, that a consanguinity existed between her and one of those gentlemen who take a delight in knocking each other about, distorting each other's features, and distinguishing themselves by propensities more akin to the beasts of the field than human beings.

"They are very like you now," said Mrs. Blarney, taking her cue from what Mrs. Gibby had just said. "I don't think they're at all like Mr. Gibby."

"Like him!" exclaimed Mrs. Gibby; "oh, dear no, I shouldn't like 'em to be like him. I certainly gave him my hand, Mrs. Blarney, but my heart was another's. Yes, it was thine, Blubby," and Mrs. Gibby clasped her hands together, and looked at the ceiling, as if she expected to see Blubby there.

"Just the way with me and Blarney, ma'am. I married him out of compassion. But I hope Mr. Gibby will prove a better husband to you than Blarney proved to me. Wasn't it cruel of him, Mrs. Gibby, to leave me in this destitute condition—a poor widow here, who, if it hadn't been for her good friends, you amongst the rest, would have died broken-hearted long before this?"

"He should have made provision, and I always said so," said Mrs. Gibby.

Taking into consideration the great difficulty of making an honest livelihood in these days of railways and steamboats, we think that the complaints of the widow and Mrs. Gibby were founded on somewhat indifferent grounds, seeing that the aforesaid Abraham Blarney (if such a

person ever existed) would probably find it sufficiently difficult to make provision for his own wants during his temporary sojourn here, without contemplating a provision for his widow after his demise.

As soon as Mrs. Gibby and her husband had quitted the house, Mrs. Blarney put the parlour fire out, lest the children should set themselves on fire; and having placed in the room such toys as she thought they would want, she locked them all in, and put the key into her pocket, and descended to the kitchen to have a gossip with the servant. When the dinner hour arrived, she took up their victuals, and having patted them all on the head, and told them to be good, she again locked the door, and left them to their own delightful society. She repeated the same process at tea-time; and at eight o'clock precisely, sent them all off to bed.

After partaking of a hearty supper with the servant in the kitchen, Mrs. Blarney ran up to the parlour for the bottle alluded to by Mrs. Gibby, and she and the servant drank each other's health in hot gin and water till twelve o'clock, at which time they retired to their respective sleeping apartments.

(To be continued.)

LOVE ON.

BY ELIZA COOK.

(In answer to the Hon. Mrs. Norton's poem of "Love Not.")

Love on, love on, the soul must have a shrine—
The rudest breast must find some hallowed spot;
The God who formed us left no spark divine
In him who dwells on earth yet loveth not:
Devotion's links compose a sacred chain
Of holy brightness and unmeasured length;
The world with selfish rust and reckless stain
May mar its beauty, but not touch its strength.

Love on, love on—aye, even though the heart
We fondly build on proveth like the sand;
Though one by one Faith's corner-stones depart,
And even Hope's last pillar fails to stand:
Though we may dread the lips we once believed,
And know their falsehood shadows all our days,
Who would not rather trust and be deceived,
Than own the mean, cold spirit that betrays?

Love on, love on, though we may live to see
The dear face whiter than its circling shroud,
Though dark and dense the gloom of death may be,
Affection's glory yet shall pierce the cloud.
The truest spell that heaven can give to lure,
The sweetest prospect mercy can bestow,
Is the blest thought that bids the soul be sure
'Twill meet above the things it loved below.

Love on, love on—Creation breathes the words—
Their mystic music ever dwells around;
The strain is echoed by unnumber'd chords,
And gentlest bosoms yield the fullest sound.
As flowers keep springing though their dazzling
Is off put forth for worms to feed upon, (bloom
So hearts, though wrung by traitors and the tomb,
Shall still be precious, and shall still love on.

The Gatherer.

Good Sense.—Good sense is so unfashionable, and conceit so popular, that a simple grain of the one mixed with the full flavour of the other, is quite sufficient to stamp a man, in the eye of the world, a person of superior parts; and enable him to pass through it with honour and *éclat*.

True Eloquence.—If you desire to be truly eloquent, study your subject more than the language in which you would dress it—and never make a *sat*-speech. Words go for nothing if the feelings do not prompt them; therefore speak from the impulse of the moment, and you will always carry your audience with you.

Rules for Star-gazing.—At Berlin Jenny Lind seems to have turned the head of the Prussians. Tickets having been bought on speculation and sold at a premium, the following regulations have been deemed necessary:—"Tickets must be applied for on the day preceding that for which they are required, by letter, signed with applicant's proper and christian names, profession, and place of abode; and sealed with wax, bearing either the writers' initials or his arms. No more than one ticket to be granted to the same person, and no person to apply for two consecutive nights while her engagement continues."

An Evening in Spring.—There is something beautiful in a spring evening. The spring of Heaven seems upon the earth. An hour and scene when the heart is softened and subdued by the spirit of beauty—when the whole visible world seems to us an appointed abiding-place for truth and gentleness; and it is with hard reluctance we believe that tyranny, and woe, and wickedness exist within it. One of the happy hours that, sweet in the present, are yet more delicious in past; treasured as they are, as somewhat akin to the world's youth, when the earth was trod by angels.—*Douglas Jerrold*.

Intellectual Precocity.—A child exhibits considerable talent, as it is supposed, and perhaps a great propensity to reading. It is decided to be a little genius. Undue efforts are made to cultivate its mental powers, and this cultivation is not confined to the faculties proper to youth, but as it occasionally exhibits reasoning powers, every effort is made to cultivate these; or, in short, more or less of the class of intellectual powers. The mind is now strained, the general health is impaired, and he who was so bright at nine or ten, is stupid or an idiot when he comes to maturity.—*Memoir of the late Dr. Hope*.